

# Good Morning 357

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## of Britain's own

# These ports are part history

**MOST** people have heard of the Cinque Ports. Many have visited them. Yet it is strange, but true, that few know anything about them.

It is a most interesting story; it is a story that is part of Britain's history.

A short time after the Norman Conquest the name of the Cinque Ports was given to five towns in the South-East of England. They were Hastings, Romney, Hythe, Dover, and Sandwich. The ports of Rye and Winchelsea were added to the list, with equal privileges, in the 12th century, but were known as the "Two Antient Towns," and the full title of the Confederation became known as "The Cinque Ports And The Two Antient Towns."

**THESE** ports were associated together in a common obligation to provide ships for the King's Service, in order to protect what has always been Britain's most exposed stretch of coast, and for the cross-Channel passage of troops needed to defend English possessions in France.

As a gesture, in return for these services, The Cinque Ports were given certain rights. Freedom from taxes within their Liberties, and other rights of self-government were accorded them.

Dover and Hasting, largest of the Ports, used to supply twenty-one ships for the King's Service. The others, much smaller, called upon five vessels. The fact that the Cinque Ports were in a strategic position for defence against attack from France, and they possessed the type of ships required for action in the narrow waters of the Dover Straits, was the real reason behind the King's demands upon them.

The herring fishing fleet was the backbone of the Cinque

Ports' contribution to our island defence, and it has often been referred to as "the Cradle of the Royal Navy." This is probably true, for it did not take carpenters long to transform the sturdy little fishing craft into warships. They were, centuries later, succeeded by the large men-of-war.

These dare-devils of the Dover Straits became famous as the toughest bunch of fighting men in the world, and it is a fact that every ship passing up or down the Channel was summoned to dip her flag to the Cinque Port pennant. If she decided otherwise—well, they could always fight more than well in South-East England!

The power of the Cinque Ports developed with the passing of years, and formed—almost!—a county among themselves. No other County Officer or Justice, or King's Sheriff, could enter or exercise jurisdiction. No Royal Order would be recognised from the Crown except through the Lord Warden.

Many of the local rights and

privileges which the Ports once possessed have passed with time. Quite a lot of this has been due to the fact that the harbours, upon which they relied so much, have become silted up, and most of the Ports are to-day, as you know, separated from the sea by long stretches of dunes, marsh, or shingle.

One of the most famous of the ancient assemblies, "The Brotherhood and Guestling of the Cinque Ports," which commenced in 1433, is still held every few years on the summons of the Speaker. Every Port and Corporate Member sends a deputation. This meeting, when everyone wears the famed colourful and spectacular uniforms, gives young folk an idea of how great the Cinque Port meetings used to be.

The Lord Warden—now purely an honorary appointment made by the Crown—is at the head of the Cinque Ports. Mr. Churchill, when the war has been won, will be appointed the new Lord Warden. He will, because of this post, then be able to live in Walmer Castle, be able to fly a distinctive flag, and be entitled to a salute of nineteen guns at sea. In the old days holders of the title Lord Warden was a Minister of the Crown by right of this position. To-day the Lord Warden is still Constable of Dover Castle and Admiral of the Cinque Ports.

When he is installed as Lord Warden, after the war, Mr. Churchill will exercise his right of calling all the Ports to Dover Castle, where he presides at their Court of Shepway—one of the oldest meetings in the world. He will then wear his full-dress uniform, designed to indicate his high Naval and military rank.

Other mills to-day are look-out posts for the Home Guard—a change from the last war, when spies sometimes signalled from old and disused mills.

It is a curious fact that the man who built the Eddystone Lighthouse also built a windmill; and there's a mill at Whitstable which has served as a lighthouse.

Another mill—maybe you remember its black walls in a South-East town?—is actually producing aeroplane parts. It became a garage before the war, and the work has been "changed over."

There are many mills which were once scheduled for preservation only as antiquities, but now they're busy again.

Terling Mill, Essex, for instance, was in danger of being blown down, when the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings scheduled repairs.

Among the costs approved, fortunately, was an item of £100 for new sails. The mill has long since paid for them itself!

Even before the war, the boom in wholemeal bread was giving the windmills a comeback. White flour is generally a job only for power-driven roller mills, which are better

Before him is carried, not a mace, but a silver oar, which indicates his Admiralty jurisdiction.

It is fitting that Mr. Churchill, who is so closely linked with the Royal Navy, should occupy this office of Lord Warden, for, like himself, the Cinque Ports have always been fighters. Dover Castle, for instance, is the "Key to Britain" even to-day; for centuries it has been the very front line of our defence.

I was inside the Castle a short time ago, and must confess that it was a real tonic to go into this, the very front line, where for four years they have stood up to shell and bomb. What attracted me most was the ancient church of St. Mary-in-the-Castle.

On this spot, for 1,900 years, a church has stood, and St. Mary's is believed to be the oldest—some will disagree on this point—in the country. The south door is arched with Roman and Saxon tiles, while at one end stands the remains of a Roman lighthouse—the first to be erected in Britain. The confidence of the people who worship here, and the great spirit of comradeship to be found, in general, among folk of the Cinque Ports, is in striking contrast to that to be found, on occasions, in areas less exposed to danger.

But then, as I said earlier, bravery and a great fighting spirit is in the blood of all these people. When danger shows itself, so does this traditional British asset, and to this the Cinque Ports have owed much during the passing of centuries.

Colin Wells



## Here's the tale of "Kitty Smut"—A.B.

### Robert Broadbent

**CALLING** Able Seaman Robert Broadbent, whose home is at 45 Woodlands Grove, Boothtown, Halifax, Yorks.

There's a VERY big surprise in store for you when next you go home on leave, old man. And because your wife hasn't yet written to tell you about it, "Good Morning" is going to break the news gently to you.

All set? Then here goes. Since you were last on leave, your pretty wife Frances has adopted a youngster—yes, without saying a word to you!

And, man! what a swell youngster it is. And is this youngster going to bring you plenty of good luck? You bet.

Here's a message for you from the addition to your family. It's the one and only word the youngster knows—so don't mind the message being brief. The word is—MIAOW!!

The adoption happened this way. One night about five months ago your Frances was coming in from work when she heard a plaintive cry from the dark. And there, right on the doorstep, was a half-starved, jet-black kitten.

No need to tell you how tender-hearted Frances is. She took that little waif in, gave it lashings of milk, and made it comfortable. "It'll bring Bob some luck," she said.

Twice since that night Frances has saved the life of Smut, the kitten. And, in return, Smut worships her for it.

The first time was when Smut had bronchitis. Frances sat up all night and nursed it.

The second time was when it nearly choked itself—again Frances came to the rescue.

Now, whenever she sits down to a meal, Smut is there. He sits on the arm of that comfortable chair by the fire—the one you call your own—and Smut puts his paws on the table edge and miaows until he gets a tasty titbit.

And just listen to the words of praise from your mother-in-law, Mrs. Bitten. "It's the nicest cat I have ever known," she told a "Good Morning" reporter.

Mrs. Bitten has been poorly with eye trouble, but thanks to Frances, who got special leave from work to look after her and nurse her to health again, she's now fine once more.

Frances has been helping your folks to do a spot of flitting to a new home up Siddal way, Bob; so here's hoping you won't get lost next time you get home.

Frances sends all her love, and says she hopes you'll soon be coming home again.

And the newest addition to your family just curls up lazily in front of the fire, winks one wicked green eye when your name is mentioned, and says "MIAOW." And that, according to the Cats' Dictionary, means "Good Hunting!"

## Truth is Stranger . . .

By deciduous trees are meant those which shed their leaves at the fall of the year, as distinct from the evergreens.

Cynic is a word which has changed its meaning. The cynics were a set of Greek philosophers who held that virtue was the only good, and condemned pleasures and riches, as well as all science and art. The most celebrated of them was Diogenes.

Unwritten law established by custom in England is called common law. But both statute law and equity overrule common law when courts are called upon to decide upon them.

The Apostolic Fathers were the immediate disciples of the Apostles, especially such as have left writings behind them, Barnabas, Clement, Ignatius, Polycarp.

Money was coined by James II from brass cannon and kitchen utensils, with the nominal values of 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. It was known as Gun Money, and was given to soldiers who aided him in his attempts, in 1689 and 1690, to recover his lost kingdom.

J. S. Newcombe

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

## Windmills Wage War

(By W. Fawcett)

**THE** war has restored life to the windmills.

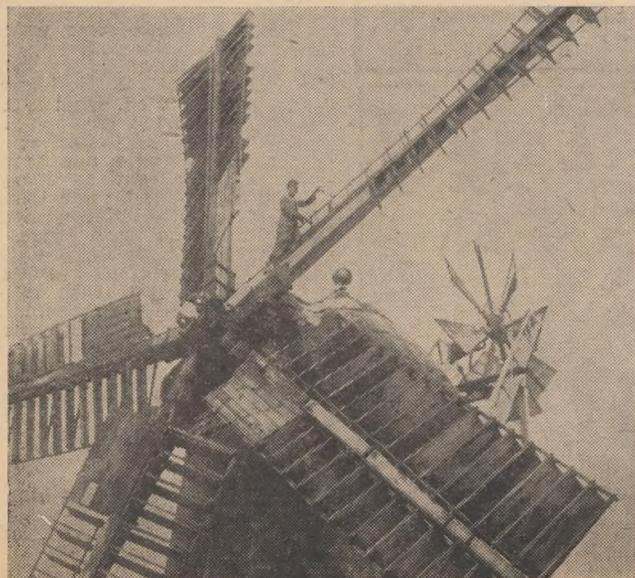
Britain still has 2,000—believe it or not, this is 800 more than the number of windmills in Holland—and hundreds are working again, humbly doing their bit to keep the war wheels turning.

The oldest mill in the country—at Burstow, Surrey—has title deeds handed down from 1665, and still grinds corn and wheat.

Others are grinding grist for pigs and poultry, generating

electric power; and the sails of a mill in Lincolnshire help to generate power for a nearby armament works.

Eighty mills are on war work in Norfolk alone, helping to drain the reclaimed areas.





# Awaiting his Revenge

## THE BLACK TULIP

By Alexandre Dumas—Part 19

THE 15th of May, 1673, was a great day for the good city of Haarlem. It had to celebrate a threefold festival. In the first place, the black tulip had been produced; secondly, the Prince William of Orange, as a true Hollander, had promised to be present at the ceremony of inauguration; and, thirdly, it was a point of honour with the States to show to the French, at the conclusion of such a disastrous war as that of 1672, that the flooring of the Batavian Republic was solid enough for its people to dance on it, with the accompaniment of the cannon of their fleets.

The Horticultural Society of Haarlem had shown itself worthy of its fame by giving a hundred thousand guilders for the bulb of the tulip. The town, which did not wish to remain behindhand, voted a like sum, which was placed in the hands of that notable body to solemnise the auspicious event.

And, indeed, on the Sunday fixed for this ceremony, there was such a stir among the people, and such an enthusiasm among the townsfolk, that even a Frenchman, who laughs at everything at all times, could not have helped admiring the character of those honest Hollanders, who were equally ready to spend their money for the construction of a man-of-war, that is to say, for the support of national honour, as they were to reward the grower of a new flower, destined to bloom for one day, and to serve during that day to divert the ladies, the learned, and the curious.

At the head of the Notables and of the Horticultural Committee, shone Mynheer Van Herysen, dressed in his richest habiliments.

The worthy man had done

his best to resemble his favourite flower in the sombre and stern elegance of his garments; and we are bound to record, to his honour, that he had perfectly succeeded in his object.

Dark crimson velvet, dark purple silk, and jet-black cloth, with linen of dazzling whiteness, composed the festive dress of the President, who marched at the head of his Committee, carrying an enormous nosegay, like that which, a hundred and twenty-one years later, Monsieur de Robespierre displayed at the festival of "The Supreme Being."

There was, however, a little difference between the two; very different from the French tribune, whose heart was so full of hatred and ambitious vindictiveness, the honest President carried in his bosom a heart as innocent as the flowers which he held in his hand.

Behind the Committee, who were as gay as a meadow, and as fragrant as a garden in spring, marched the learned societies of the town, the magistrates, the military, the nobles, and the boors.

The people, even among the respected republicans of the Seven Provinces, had no place assigned to them in the procession; they merely lined the streets.

This is the place for the multitude, which, with true philosophic spirit, waits until the

triumphal pageants have passed to know what to say of them, and sometimes also to know what to do.

This time, however, there was no question either of the triumph of Pompey or of Caesar; neither of the defeat of Mithridates, nor of the conquest of Gaul. The procession was as placid as the passing of a flock of lambs, and as inoffensive as a flight of birds sweeping through the air.

Haarlem had no other triumphs, except its gardeners. Worshipping flowers, Haarlem idolised the florist.

In the centre of this pacific and fragrant cortege the black tulip was seen, carried on a litter which was covered with white velvet and fringed with gold.

If it was arranged that the Prince Stadtholder himself would give the prize of a hundred thousand guilders, which interested the people at large, and it was thought that perhaps he would make a speech, which interested more particularly his friends and enemies.

The whole population of Haarlem, swelled by that of the neighbourhood, had arranged itself along the beautiful avenue of trees, with the fixed resolution, this time, to applaud neither the heroes of war nor those of science, but merely the conqueror of Nature, who had forced her to produce the black tulip.

Nothing, however, is more fickle than such a resolution of the people. When a crowd is once in the humour to cheer, it is just the same as when it begins to hiss. It never knows when to stop.

It therefore, in the first place, cheered Van Herysen, and his nosegay, then the corporations, then followed a cheer for the people; and at last, and for once with great justice, there was one for the excellent music with which the gentlemen of the town council generously treated the assemblage at every halt.

All eyes were on the look-out for the hero of the day — of course, we mean the grower of the tulip.

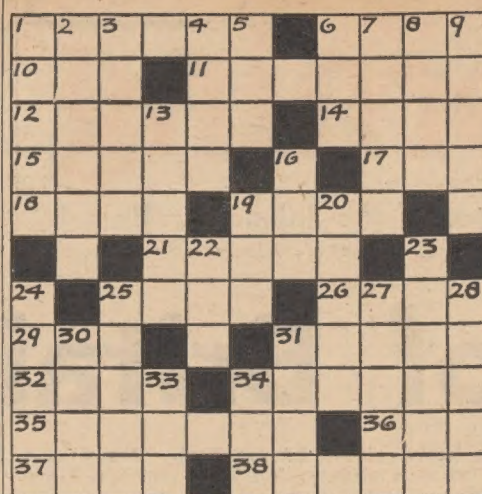
This hero made his appearance at the conclusion of the reading of the report, which we have seen Van Herysen drawing up with such conscientiousness; and he produced almost a greater sensation than the Stadtholder himself.

There he walked, covered with flowers down to his girdle, well combed and brushed, and entirely dressed in scarlet, a colour which contrasted strongly with his black hair and yellow complexion.

This hero, radiant with rapturous joy, who had the distinguished honour of making the people forget the speech of Van Herysen, and even the presence of the Stadtholder, was Isaac Bontel, who saw, carried on his right before him, the black tulip, his pretended daughter, and on his left, in a large purse, the hundred thousand guilders in glittering gold pieces, towards which he was constantly squinting, fearful of losing sight of them for one moment.

Another quarter of an hour and the Prince will arrive, and the procession will halt for the last time; after the tulip is placed on its throne, the Prince, yielding prece-

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Go fast.
- 6 Big stick.
- 10 Entangle.
- 11 Brave girl.
- 12 Irish County.
- 14 Common mineral.
- 15 Coil of yarn.
- 17 Negative.
- 18 Group of cattle.
- 19 Murmurs.
- 21 Fumble.
- 25 Notable deed.
- 26 Drawn tight.
- 29 Completely.
- 31 Superfluous.
- 32 Old instrument.
- 34 Well-bred.
- 35 Enable.
- 36 Study.
- 37 Remainder.
- 38 Reptiles.

CHECK CLARE  
REPLICA BIR  
ONION BRAVO  
E CUDGE BEN  
TASKS RUTLEY  
P E N E  
PRODS BURRS  
LIT WHOSO H  
OCHRE LUNGE  
TOE PLEADED  
STROUT SLOTS

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Tennis stroke.
- 2 Caterpillar.
- 3 Equatic animal.
- 4 Part of jaw.
- 5 Border.
- 6 Lettuce.
- 7 Strong animals.
- 8 Open.
- 9 Fete.
- 13 Narrow elevation.
- 16 Young animal.
- 19 Pungent.
- 20 Gold.
- 22 Beam.
- 23 Boat.
- 24 Vacillate.
- 25 Sits heavily.
- 27 Apart.
- 28 Youth.
- 30 Tree.
- 31 Promise.
- 33 Great number.
- 34 Plant.

dence to this rival for the popular adoration, will take a magnificently emblazoned parchment, on which is written the name of the grower; and His Highness, in a loud and audible tone, will proclaim him to be the discoverer of a wonder; that Holland, by the instrumentality of him, Bontel, has forced Nature to produce a black flower, which shall henceforth be called "Tulipa nigra Bontellea."

From time to time, however, Bontel withdrew his eyes for a moment from the tulip and the purse, timidly looking among the crowd, for, more

than anything, he dreaded to descry there the pale face of the pretty Frisian girl.

She would have been a spectre spoiling the joy of the festival for him, just as Banquo's ghost did that of Macbeth.

And yet, is the truth must be told, this wretch, who had stolen what was the boast of a man and the dowry of a woman, did not consider himself as a thief. He had so intently watched this tulip, followed it so eagerly from the drawer in Cornelius's dry-room to the scaffold of the Buitenhof, and from the scaffold to the fortress of Loevestein; he had seen it bud and grow in Rosa's window, and so often warmed the air round it with his breath, that he felt as if no one had a better right to call himself its producer than he had; and anyone who would now take the black tulip from him would have appeared to him as a thief.

Yet he did not perceive Rosa; his joy, therefore, was not spoiled.

In the centre of a circle of magnificent trees, which were decorated with garlands and inscriptions, the procession halted, amidst the sounds of lively music; and the young damsels of Haarlem made their appearance to escort the tulip to the raised seat which it was to occupy on the platform, by the side of the gilded chair of His Highness the Stadtholder.

And the proud tulip, raised on its pedestal, soon overlooked the assembled crowd of people, who clapped their hands and made the whole town of Haarlem re-echo with their tremendous cheers.

(To be continued)

## She lies on Broadway



There is 124 feet of her, every foot worth looking at. She is pinned up on Broadway, New York, so people can't miss her. She advertises a musical comedy and is known as the Varga Girl, who gave the censors of the American Post Office some quick heartbeats, and started a purity investigation. She's the biggest girl in the world as she lies.

## QUIZ for today

1. A kumquat is a fruit, dance, Rabbi's robe, insect, lizard?
2. Who wrote (a) Science for the Citizen, (b) Science Marches On?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Sirius, Arcturus, Aldebaran, Jupiter, Rigel, Fomalhaut.
4. For what is Mecca famous?
5. In what game does the expression "Royal Marriage" occur?
6. For what names do J. B. Hobbs's initials stand?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Juresdiction, Juvenile, Jocose, Jugalar, Juice, Juresprudence.
8. What well-known film actor was once a policeman?
9. Does the traffic keep to the left throughout the British Empire?
10. The lady-bird is a bird, beetle, fly, cricket, plant bug?
11. How many public-houses would you say there were in London?
12. For what States in the U.S.A. do the following official contractions stand: Mo., Va., Vt.?

### Answers to Quiz in No. 356

1. Makes harness.
2. (a) Hilaire Belloc, (b) Arnold Bennett.
3. Londonderry is in Ulster; others in Eire.
4. Birch.
5. "Little," to distinguish it from the larger Common Snipe.
6. Afrikaans.
7. Flabbergast, Fallacy.
8. Navy, Army, Air Force Institutes.
9. "WAVES."
10. The "Jack" in bowls is the little ball.
11. None. The printing of notes of £10 and over was stopped in April, 1943.

### USELESS EUSTACE



"A happy idea of the wife's, Fred! My suit's five years old to-day!"

### JANE



## WANGLING WORDS—303

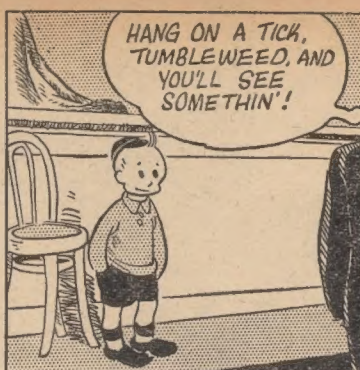
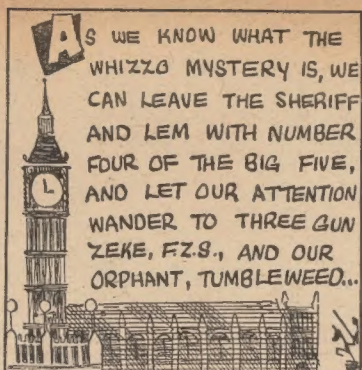
1. Put RTE into some water and make it foretell.
2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters have been shuffled. What is it? Nerve nath terteb tale.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change BECK into CALL and then back again into BECK, without using the same word twice.
4. What Allied country is hidden in this sentence? Please be careful to put each in a separate place. (The required letters will be found together and in the right order.)

### Answers to Wangling Words—No. 302

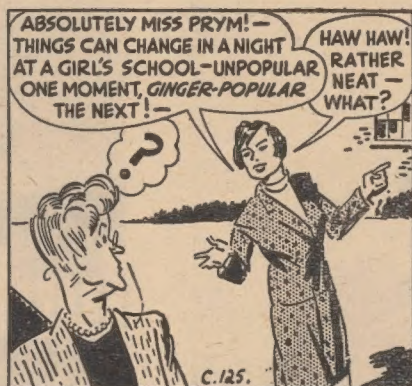
1. LEagueS.
2. It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good.
3. ACE, act, ait, AIR, ail, all, ale, ACE.
4. Bay-on-Et.



## BEELZEBUB JONES



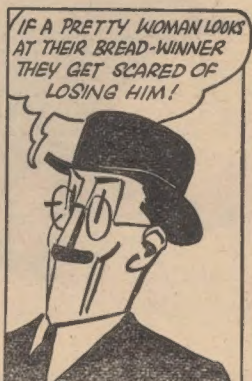
## BELINDA



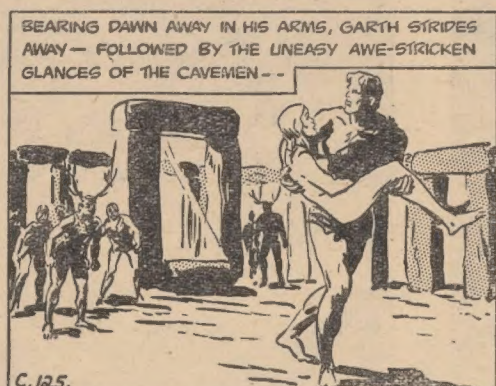
## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



# ARGUE THIS OUT FOR YOURSELVES

## NOT ONLY BIRMINGHAM.

IT is not everybody in Birmingham who wants reconstruction. Quite a lot of people want to go back to 1939. Some want to go back to 1913, and some would be more at home in 1066.

Alderman Tiptaft (Birmingham).

## BRIGHTER CRICKET?

CRICKET needs no stunts or speeding-up. Speed for the sake of speed is absurd. The game embraces all the various rates of progress, according to the state of the match, from stone-walling to hurricane hitting, all of which can be most entertaining to those who really understand the game. There is plenty of room for "speed fiends." Let them begin with "brightening-up" chess, golf, walking-races, tug-of-war, etc. Then, whilst in the mood, let them cut out all the dreadfully slow movements in music. But do not go so far as to abolish the slow-moving infantryman, who, in spite of aeroplanes at 400 miles an hour, is still so necessary in winning the war.

W. J. O'Reilly.

## EQUALITY.

I SUBMIT that we are in danger of being swept off our feet by doctrinaire "principles." Reason is meretricious unless wedded to fact. The greatest inequality is the equal treatment of the unequal. By age-long adaptation woman is domesticated and can do without domestic help, whereas the man has to pay for it. Anyone who knows teachers knows that it is the unmarried woman who can afford to have extensive holidays abroad, while the man teacher has to spend his holiday at a home holiday resort.

Rev. Dr. R. F. Ratray (Cambridge).

## LEISURE.

WITH everyone planning work for to-morrow, let us not forget the importance of leisure after the war. Down the years, improvements in the ordinary man's working conditions have meant not only better wages, but shorter hours; and so for millions of people any plan for distributing the world's work more evenly must take into account that the better life will provide play for all as well as work for all.

Howard Thomas.

## NAZI STRENGTH.

WE should never forget for an instant that the social accomplishments of the Nazis claimed, and to some degree carried out, by Nazism in Germany prior to the war, were almost the sole basis of their mass strength. The ending of unemployment—which, as everybody now sees, was done only by the creation of economy of and for the war—did more for Nazi prestige with the German masses than all the nationalistic slogans put together.

Dorothy Thompson.

## A NON-CHRISTIAN SOCIETY.

THE basic fact, which no one disputes, is that the Church is living in a non-Christian society. Whether the number of practising Christians of all denominations is 15 per cent. or 30 per cent. of the population is not of great moment. It is certainly a minority, probably a very small minority; and it is—according to Mass Observation—getting smaller during the war. Though the country is officially and traditionally Christian, and though there are still resources of Christian capital to be drawn upon, the vast majority neither knows nor cares about the truths of the Faith.

Hugh Ross Williamson (Dramatist and Historian).



"He says he's been practically true to her for a whole week now!"



# Good Morning

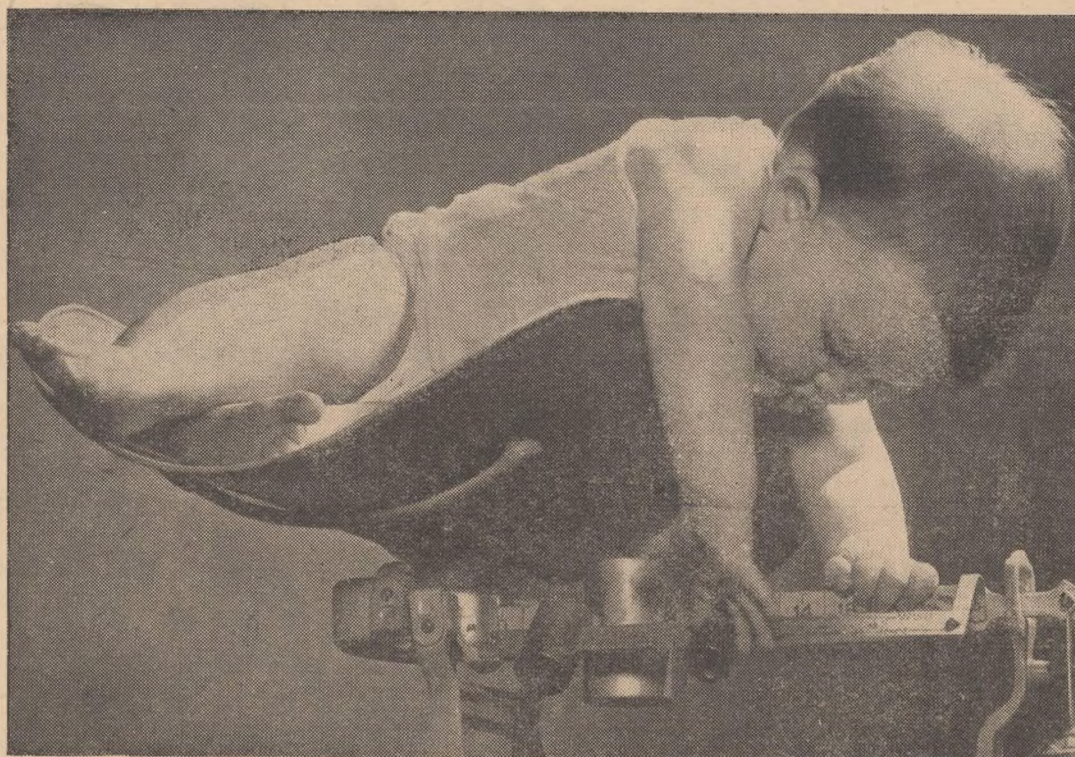


Eleven-five hours and we'll get a pint in a few minutes at Chilham, in the "Garden of England," Kent.

Paramount's starlet, Helen Walker, indulges in a spot of memory work. Learning a part's tough going.



Here's Grey Boy, a 40-year-old horse, who rings for his dinner at Elstree stables.



"Yeah, I know, you slide this whatisname along and twiddle this knob—but what for?"

These two are the best of pals despite the photo's contrary evidence. They live at Haytor, Devon.

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Well, welgh it up, babe."

